SAWDUST

AUGUST - 1944

VOL. IV. - NO. 8

"Inyo-Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy"

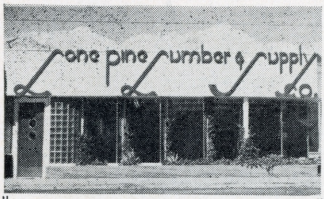
A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

LOST GAMES

It would be a great misfortune
If a champion ever came
Who was so very skillful
As to never lose a game.
'Twould ruin one forever
If he were not to meet,
'Mid his success and prowess,
An occasional defeat.

On life's great course we struggle.
The trophy is the same—
Success. But he who enters
Will sometimes lose a game.
When, lo! the meet is over
We reckon gain and cost,
Our greatest values may be
The games that we have lost.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn.



Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

•

Rudie Henderson
Edward Hjeltness
Guy Martin
Florence Adair
Albert Sainz
Cruz Sainz
O. H. Honerlah
Amanda Lasky
Chas. E. Ellis
Orin F. Dearborn
Walter Santos

•

E. P. Fitzgerald
Lee Meyers

•

Jimmy-the-Red, Mascot

•

Chalfant Press, Printers

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS . .

Fifty-year old portrait on this page of beauteous Emelia Thea Erickson is by now extinct New York Portrait Company, Hudson, Wisconsin; "Retrospection" photographs on page 5, are by Lone Pine's capable photographer Allan W. Ramsey. 80-year old photographer Ramsey, still actively engaged in his profession, has a vast collection of photographs and negatives of increasing intrinsic value as the decades slip by.

Watch for next month's issue with Lone Pine's Fire Brigade of 1885.

In Memoria . . .

Emelia Thea Erickson

March 31, 1870 - August 28, 1944

Beloved Mother of

LOUISE J. HENDERSON

"When God made the stars and the sunshine,
The rain and the flowers and the trees,
He also created a Mother,
Because she was like unto these."

SENTENTIOUS ANCEDOTES

Administration "Gimmees"

The public doesn't realize that in 1917, on a turnover of $85 billion, industry had a profit of 10% after taxes, while in '43, it had virtually the same profit in dollars, on a turnover of $295 billion, or only 2.5%.—Frederick C. Crawford, Nat'l. Assn. of Manufacturers.

Gratuities

I only wish I could be there personally to join with my friends in Lone Pine in the cooperative work which is making this community asset [Ed.—Lone Pine's Community Plunge] possible. In lieu of that, please accept my humble cash gift enclosed, to be applied as you see fit.—Lt. George W. Savage, USNR, NAS, Navy 28, Exec. Dept. c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California.

Will you please add this to the swimming pool fund? I wish I lived nearer Lone Pine and could actually help build your pool. — A. L. Paulsen, Purchasing Agent, American Potash & Chemical Corp., Trona, Cal.

Small Business Squashers

As a matter of fact, I am a lot less concerned with the big corporation than I am with the disappearance of the little company. The reason for my concern is best emphasized by a very tragic and gruesome experience through which we have gone in recent years . . . It is very important to realize that fascism never comes to power except in countries that have a sick middle class. Where there is thriving, independent, healthy middle class, democratic life expands.—Leo Cherne, author of a startling "MUST" best seller —"The Rest of Your Life."

Logrolling

SAWDUST . . . in my opinion, is extremely well done and unless I am mistaken, it must have a very high readership among those who receive it. As one publisher to another, I congratulate you on a piece of constructive advertising. —J. G. Maynard, General Advertising Manager, U. S. Gypsum Co., Chicago.

Logomachist

Just a few lines to ask you, if you could send me the last two editions of SAWDUST, and to keep me on your mailing list if possible. It's quite an interesting little magazine, even though I don't agree with some of your political ideas.—Ted Carrasco, S 2/c, USS Wyandotte Detail, San Francisco.

Mucus Slinging

Senator Jerrold L. Seawell, director-general of the Mayo campaign [Ed.—Jesse M. Mayo, congressional candidate], in some way learned last week that Engle [Ed. —Capable encumbent Clair Engle] had written "letters of sympathy to Japanese in the camp." He promptly charged that Engle was trying to make Japanese friends and influence their votes by this means, and a statement to this effect was issued over the signatures of . . . . When the little congressman read it, he blew his top. . . . Seawell had neglected to mention, Engle asserted, that there was only one letter of sympathy and that it was addressed to a Japanese woman, Mrs. Tiri Arikawa, formerly of Placer county, whose son, an enlisted man in the U. S. Army, had been killed in action in Italy.—M. F. "Pop" Small, United Press Staff Correspondent.

Again, Lone Pine's 4th of July was duration-quiet. Above, 4th of July in center of Lone Pine's business district more than 20 years ago. Flag pole in center of Main Street was at intersection where Bank of America now is. To identify plump girl in long, white dress, refer to February's SAWDUST.

Lone Pine's "Wildcats" on that same 4th of July. Front row, left to right: Albert Sainz, Ed Majors, Relles Carrasco, Joe McGregor, "Speed" Eberle. Standing: Claud Raleigh, Jess Mann, Vincent Hoegee, Alexander Gallaher, George Briodi, Cruz Sainz.

Wallpaper

Jovial Jim Mills got off to his usual flying start the first day of this month in appropriate observation of his birthday. This writer and son Bob together with Charlie Sumner sat in on some sumptuous fried chicken as served up by Mrs. Jim . . . Speaking of natal days, we had one last month. Genevieve Naffziger presented us literally with a box of ropes—cigar-length pieces of sash cord with neat bands of white ribbon. She assuaged our feelings later, in these days of few and far-between stogies, with a box of the real article. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow, with the beneficent assistance of Ben Baker also augmented the private stock with a box of genuine Havanas. Radio veteran Bill Sharples presented us with a chunk of bacon. Other items too numerous to mention were topped by two monogrammed handkerchiefs from mother-in-law Erickson, who has since passed on . . . Many a person approaches the coroner at 60 miles an hour . . . July 27th will perhaps always be a high point in Jimmy-the-Red's life. A boy arrived that day for Phil and Virginia Novak, and they named him Jimmy . . . Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stringer on the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary! They were married in the home of Mrs. Stringer's mother, and she was in attendance at last month's celebration . . . The overall lumber freeze went into effect the first day of this month. Yard foreman Whispering Slim Honerlah made the sad mistake of dropping down to the lumber-yard for a can of polish on Sunday morning before the freeze. He looked at the clamoring throng, took to his heels, and for the balance of the day his address was unknown . . . Irvin Cobb once remarked that if he had to go crazy he'd prefer to have it happen in Washington. There, nobody would notice it . . . Lone Pine's likable minister Marvin Johnson has moved on. We'll never forget his barrel sequence in that Red Cross benefit "Coast to Coast". Rev. and Mrs. Robert Kersey, fresh from Indiana, are now occupying the parsonage . . . Proficient bartender Ed Attaway didn't like the cover on last month's SAWDUST. In fact he asked us to cancel his subscription. Ed vehemently asserts that capable bar-tenders are not monkeys . . . The ultimate in tranquil moments: Quietly conversing with the Dows in the lawn swing on a warm starlight night . . . Some parties are formal; at others you wear your own clothes . . . Recent pinochle near-tragedy: Julius Mahrt erroneously bidding 460 on a sequence and double pinochle. Benny Rosenbach was benignantly holding a hand with the necessary jack of diamonds . . . Speaking of Benny, you who know pinochle, can well appreciate Benny's sigh of relief when he took "terrific chances" with a bid on 100 aces, and then picked up three more in the "widow". As Benny grinned: "It fordifies my hand!" . . . The height of something or other: Sending a telegram to an individual in Indiana with a Whittier street address and Los Angeles destination . . . One of our lady customers confronted with the lumber freeze told us that everything in life eventually adjusted itself except a girdle . . . Definition of a flirt: A hit-and-run lover . . . Next time, caustic Bob Bryerton superintends a tunnel job, those who have worked with him before should be amazed at his calm demeanor. Bob

couldn't "bawl-out" the fellows donating their time building Lone Pine's Community Plunge—not even when one of them neatly wired a crow-bar into the net-work of reinforcing steel. And then there was the time when a wall section had been poured with reinforcing rods neatly calculated in the precise place to tie concrete steps to later. Somebody came along with the bolt cutters and nipped them off so he wouldn't trip over them again. Nor will Bob be apt to forget that stunning second when someone slammed him in the side of the head with the business end of a shovel. Whirling around prepared to fight it out, he was a bit crestfallen to find it was none other than tough little Mike Baker . . . And speaking of little Mike, he had a choice tidbit and another not so choice when playmate Bill Yeager ambled over. Mike offered the not so choice item to Bill who said: "If you were a nice little boy you would let me take my choice." Whereupon Mike defiantly replied, "I ain't that kind of a boy." . . . A little research in connection with the latest addition to positions created in the Inyo County school system, brings to light the following: When Mother Dorothy Clora Lathrop Smith Cragen engineered the creation of the position of Director of Visual Education (a soft plum with a monthly stipend of $175.00 plus certain financial emoluments), she arranged that the position should be "given", according to the Inyo Independent of Aug. 13, 1943, to daughter Mavis Smith Cain O'Neal Slater. In addition to mileage and incidental expenses to numerous "conferences," "conventions," etc., many of which have been made jointly by mother and daughter, the position has been paying $25.00 monthly for traveling expenses. Mother and daughter both live in Lone Pine, although their offices cover a large portion of the upper floor of the courthouse in Independence. Recently, we find mother has raised daughter's traveling allowance from $25.00 to $40.00, and in view of the "progressive" tendencies of the County Superintendent of Schools, it has caused some people to wonder what the limit in this regard may be . . . A hick town is one where there's no place to go where you shouldn't be . . . Jimmy - the - Red returned from Minnesota with a little less than when he departed from Lone Pine. He left his tonsils back there . . . We had the privilege of sitting in on a couple of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Bryerton's unsurpassed outdoor trout fries. Charlie Cord was present both times, and didn't ask anyone to pass the mustard . . . Good news: CPO Bob Loundagin being assigned to duty at the Inyokern Naval Ordnance Test Station . . . Sleazy Bert Poulson, bar-fly and ex-employee of this lumber business, brought a big bouquet of roses around to the house for the wife, and was disappointed to find that she was in Minnesota. Maybe that guy isn't as dense as yard-foreman Slim Honerlah thought. The wife is a full-partner, and to many, the nicer half of Lone Pine's lumber business . . . Distinguished guests of the month: Senatorial candidate Fred Houser and attractive wife . . . Young J. W. McKinney bounced into Lone Pine from Whittier, eagerly taking in the sights of his old haunts. J. W. announced that his dad couldn't come along because he didn't have any teeth . . . Again we conclude this column with our deepest sympathies to those a famed war correspondent had so ingratiatingly endeared himself to not only in Lone Pine, but all of Southern California: Tom Treanor.

LONE PINE PLUNGE "BOX SCORE"

LAST WEEK . . . . You read the names of those who had signed up for work each evening at Lone Pine's Com[illegible]ity Plu[illegible]

THIS WEEK . . . You m[illegible] enthusiastically on the evenings de[illegible] the tally of many previous [illegible]ent "Score-Board," when [illegible]

THURS., JU[illegible]

O. H. Honer[illegible]
C. I. Sumn[illegible]
Ed. Hjelm[illegible]
T. J. Gare[illegible]
Jimmy [illegible]
Les Haw[illegible]
Darrell H[illegible]
Gerald Hjelm[illegible]
Earl Terry
Lloyd Ayers
Lloyd Taylo[illegible]

Payson, Utah,
July 30, 1944.

Lone Pine Plunge,
Lone Pine, Calif.

Dear Committee:

I saw your ad in the paper about helping on the swimming pool, so I told my Daddy I want to help too and have my name on the list.

So today we all, went out in Utah Valley where there is some good sand and gravel and I dug a box full of it to send to you.

Please put this sand and gravel in the cement for the swimming pool so I can say I helped work on it too.

Love,

Monte Wilson

Monte Wilson

MW:kw

Dic

JULY 19

[illegible]ld
[illegible]der
[illegible]rn

[illegible]ness
[illegible]ness
Moffat

[illegible]se
[illegible]cords

[illegible]many of those
[illegible]re not listed un-
[illegible]esignated above.
[illegible]n previous tallies—

NEXT WEEK . . . Will yours be o[illegible] [illegible]hat appears in the shorter columns above? Your help is needed [illegible] the good of Lone Pine, and ESPECIALLY for yours and our boys and [illegible]irls!

Pick up your Telephone, Dial 2041, ask for FLORENCE ADAIR, and designate the Evening or Evenings of Each Week She Should Jot You Down.

Dear Monte:

Your clever letter-montage is symbolic of that marvelous, if not astonishing, helpfulness that has come to Lone Pine's Community Plunge from so many generous folks that live far away.

As you perhaps know, Monte, the plunge when completed, will be the culmination of the efforts and hopes of hundreds of people that there may again be no more tragedies for the boys and girls of this community.

Local folks who have given so freely of their time and money

have worked, and worked, and worked. But how much harder it would have been had they not had help from numerous persons elsewhere! You will perhaps be interested when the plunge is formally opened to see the complete list of all the aid that it has been our rare fortune to receive. Perhaps it wouldn't be out of place to detail some of them in this letter to you.

The first blue-prints for another site were prepared by Mr. Herbert Thorne of Santa Monica. When details for the present site on the high school athletic field were completed, new blue-prints and engineering specifications were necessary, and they were prepared by Mr. Robert V. Phillips of Independence. Another Independence man, Mr. Sid Parratt surveyed and staked out the plunge site with the assistance of Mr. Phillips.

Excavating for a plunge 40' x 110' in size was a stupendous task. But, Mr. Burton S. Grant of the Dept. of Water & Power's Los Angeles office came to the rescue in authorizing the use of a drag-line shovel. Mr. Frank B. Krater, aqueduct superintendent at Independence, attended to the details of bringing it more than 60 miles to Lone Pine. John Ford of Bishop, a power-shovel operator if there ever was one, worked all day and far into the night on a continuous 18-hour shift to complete the excavation at one crack.

Mr. Krater suggested that we hold the shovel over until the next week-end and use it to hoist sand and gravel into dump-trucks from a pit a mile west of town. And again, Mr. Ford came down from Bishop to operate the shovel.

Not so long ago, the City of Los Angeles transferred a stranger to Lone Pine who had years of experience superintending the driving of long tunnels lined with reinforced concrete. He was one of the three that first proposed that Lone Pine should have a plunge. He has no material interest in Lone Pine in the way of property, and after the war, when tunnel construction again starts, we will probably lose him. No one has been more interested or done more work almost every evening than Bob Bryerton.

Although it takes money to build a plunge, Monte, there has been no solicitations. Early this summer, the Lone Pine airport was taken over by a newcomer named R. R. Robertson. Learning of the proposed plunge, and before a shovel had been stuck into the ground, he suggested an air show. In short, it was held last June 25th in conjunction with a barbecue. In addition to all the airplanes there was a 32-piece band from the Army Air Base at Muroc. Everybody more than got their money's worth and the plunge committee had $1,400.00 to put in its treasury.

There were numerous donations topped by a carload of cement from Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow of Whittier.

Negro star Clarence Muse, who you may see co-starred in Warner Bros. "God Is My Co-Pilot" came up from Hollywood for two benefit performances. There were . . .

Monte, as we said, we will go into complete details later. Your box of clean, sharp sand was dumped into Charlie Cord's cement-mixer, and it is now a part of the plunge. Many thanks to you. Maybe your daddy will bring you to Lone Pine some day to swim in a grand pool that you can proudly say you helped build.

Cordially yours,

SWIMMING POOL

COMMITTEE.

BEHIND THE BANDSAW

Sambo: "Niggah, Ah'se gwan to punch yo' nose all ovah yo' face and close up dem eyes ob yourn, et cetera! Does you git me?"

Erastus: "Ah gits yo'. But yo' don' mean et cetera. Yo' means vice versa!"

—SD—

The snow was falling softly. It was a definite wintertime scene. Poetically the soldier spoke as he tucked his girl into the car: "Winter draws on."

Girl: "Is that any of your business?"

—SD—

Papa: "Do you think our son gets his intelligence from me?"

Mama: "He must. I've still got mine."

—SD—

A city lassie, working on a farm during her vacation to help out with the labor shortage, was observed by her farmer employer doing a very odd thing. She was allowing the cow to drink a pail of milk she had just obtained from the animal.

"What's going on here?" stormed the farmer. "Why are you letting the cow drink all the milk?"

"Well," replied the farmerette, "the milk looked pretty thin and I thought it might help to run it through again."

—SD—

The young lady walked boldly up to a woman whom she took to be the matron of the hospital. She asked: "May I see Lt. Barker, please?"

"May I inquire who you are?"

"Certainly. I'm his sister."

"Well, I'm glad to meet you," the lady replied, "I'm Lt. Barker's mother."

A man had a 'cello with one string, over which he drew the bow for hours at a time, holding his finger in one place. His wife endured this noise for seven months, and then one night she quietly remarked:

"I've observed that when others play that magnificent instrument, there are four strings over which to draw the bow, and the players move their fingers about continuously."

The man stopped playing a moment, looked at his wife wisely, shook his head and replied:

"Of course the others have four strings and move their fingers about constantly. They are looking for the place. I've found it!"

—SD—

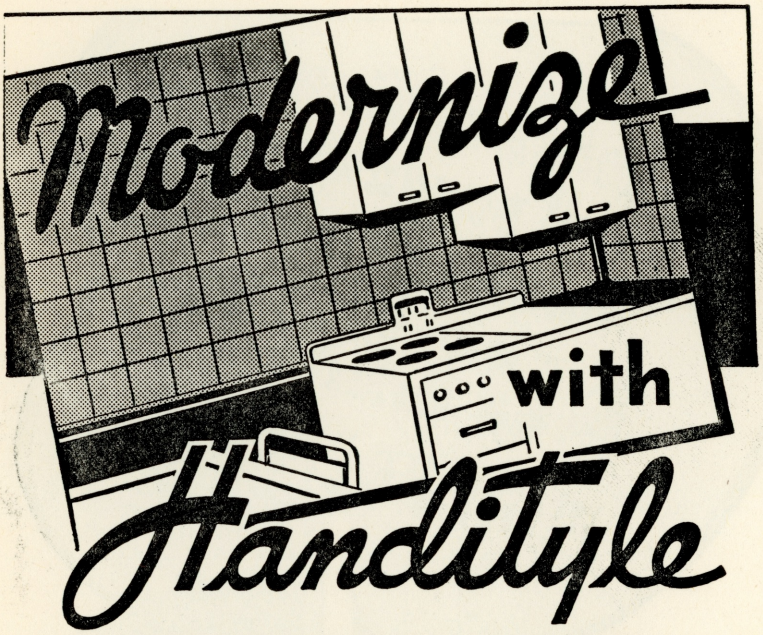
"Father, I've got my heart set on a Rolls-Royce."

"Well, that's probably the only part of you that you'll ever set on one."

—SD—

The visiting orchestra had started to play for the Darktown Strutters Ball, and the crowd gathered to hear. Among the spectators were two of the colored brethren who had never seen a slide trombone before. As the trombonist settled down to blaring away at his music, the amazement of the two country darkies mounted visibly. They shifted their positions once or twice to witness the phenomena from different angles. Finally one of them said to the other:

"Mose, I'se tell' you de trufe, dey's jes' boun' t' be a trick in hit. Dey ain't no nigguh livin' whut can swallow dat much hawn."—Calif. Lbr. Merchant.



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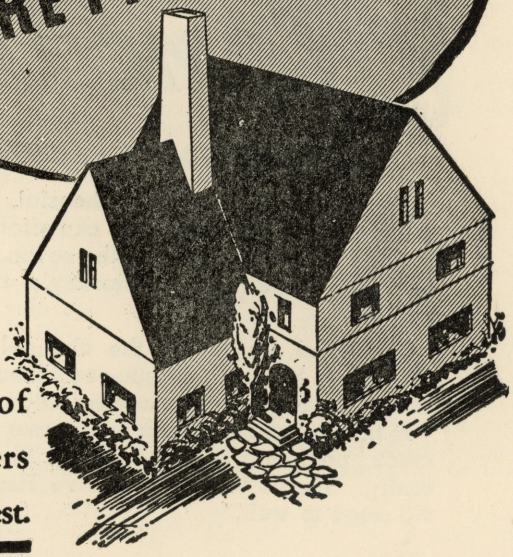

● The choice of wise home-owners throughout the West.